The woſull Complaint and Lamentable Death of a Forſaken Lover.

To a Pleaſant New Tune,

DOwn by a Forreſt as I did paſs,
To ſee abroad what ſports there was,
Walking by a pleaſant Spring,
The Birds in ſundry notes did ſing;
Long time I wandered here and there,
To ſee what ſports in Forreſt were,
At length I heard one make great mean,
Saying from me all joys are gone.
I gave good heed unto the ſame,
Muſing from whence this Ecchо came;
And by no means I could deviſe,
From whence this ſorrowful ſound did riſe.
But in that place I did remain,
Until I heard it once again:
Wher preſently I heard one ſay.
O death come take my life away,
I looked down on my right hand,
A ſort of pleaſant Trées did ſtand,
And under them I did behold,
A pleaſant place, with ſhaddows cold.
A ſumptuous Seat was in the ſame;
Muſing from whence this Ecchо came;
Then in this place I did perceive
A Gentleman moſt fine and brave.
And from that place he did come down,
Calling from him his Morning Gown,
Walking up and down that place,
I thought a proper Man he was.

Thus to him ſelf he did lament,
Wiſhing to God his days were ſpent;
His torments did increaſe ſo ſore,
His heart was able to bear no more,
I ſtept into a hollow Tree,
Becauſe I would his paſſion ſee;
With folded arms, looking to th' Skies,
The tears, alas, ſtood in his eyes.
And carleſs of his life he ſeem'd,
Pitty he was no more eſteem'd,
Then down he lay upon the ground,
No eaſe of ſorrow could be found,
Thus he lamented in woful caſe
Seven long years, within few days;
Saying while I live, I muſt remain,
And find no help to eaſe my pain.
For ſhe that ſhould my griefs remove,
She doth diſdain to be my love;
And hath done ſo, ſince ſhe did hear,
That I to her good will did bear.
Yet Gods above come eaſe my pain,
With heavy grief doth it conſtrain,
For while my Corps remain on earth,
She'll ſhew the cauſes of my death.
And every Tree that here doth ſtand,
Shall be ingraven with my hand;
That they long time may witneſs bear,
Love was the cauſe that I dy'd here.
Nature to her did ſo much right
And in as many Vertues dight,
Scorning to take the help of art,
As ever did embrace a heart.
Being ſo good, ſo truly cry'd,
O ſome forleſs were Deify'd;
Full of pitty as ſhe may be,
And yet perhaps not ſo to me.
When firſt I ſaw her pleaſant face,
Methought a pleaſant ſight it was;
Her beauty took my wits away,
I knew not how one word to ſay,
A Gentleman took her to Dance,
She gallantly her ſelf did prance;
And kept her ſteps all in due time,
Which made me wiſh ſhe had been mine.
But when I thought ſhe'd been mine own,
Then was ſhe furtheſt from me flown;
She gave no ear unto my cry.
Which makes me here in ſorrow dye.

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For she then in another mind,
Which to my pain I often find,
Of all hopes I am beguil'd,
Which makes me walk the woods so wild.
To silent Trees I made my moan,
The Birds and beasts did hear me groan;
Yet she that could my sorrows remove,
Disloyal wert h to me did prove,
My love to her was constant pure,
And to my end shall so endure;
And Jove to her I hope will send,
A grieved mind before her end.
I have forsaken friends and kin,
My dayes to end these Woods within,
My pleasures past I now forsake,
And of the world my leave I take.
Bear witness Heaven of my grief.
To ease my heart, send some relief;
Fair maids unto your Lovers be true,
If the first be good change not for a new.
O young men all be warn'd by me,
Gaze not too much on womens beauty;
Lest that you be so fettered fast,
You cannot be releast at last.
Some womens minds are too much inclin'd
In love once changing trick to none;
They swear they love you with their heart,
When tongue and mind are both a part.
My love to her I did reveal,
And nothing from her did conceal:
Though at first she seemed coy,
She said I was her only joy.
And none but I her love should have,
What need I any more to crave?
But Hoggard like, she me abus'd.
Another taken and I refus'd.
When he'd bewail'd his sorrows long.
He took his Lute that by him hung;
And on the same he sweetly play'd,
While there upon these words he said:
O Death when will that hour come
That I have waited for so long?
For while I live, I languish still,
Finding no help to ease my ill.
Then quite he flung his Lute away,
And took his Sword that by him lay.
Says oft hast thou been thy masters friend
And now thou must his torment end.
He gave true Sentance in that place,
To end his life in woful case;
The Hilt he stuck into the ground,
And gave himself a deadly wound.
Then unto him I ran amain,
But Oh! alas it was in vain.
For long to him I came,
His Death he had upon the same.
I found his Grave was ready made
Wherein I thought he should be laid:
And in that place I laid him down,
And over spread his Morning Gown.
Over his Grave his sword I laid.
Whereby his death he had receiv'd,
Upon his Lute a peal I rung,
And by the place his Lute I hung,
Then I beheld on every Tree
Her name that was his only joy:
Which long before his face did stand,
Because she got the upper hand.
This Maiden that did all this wrong,
To live a Maid thought it more long:
But married was to such a one,
As dayly made her sigh and groan.
Her coyness to her former love,
Disloyal now doth cruely prove:
Take heed fair Maidens for you see,
Wrongs always will revenged be.